Best of Accepted Literature-Popular Old Songs. & & &

********* To a Water Fowl.

While glow the bound dew. While glow the heavens with the test steps of day. Far, through their rosy depth, dost thou Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye mark thy distant flight to do thee

wrong, As, darkly seen against the crimson sky, Thy figure floats along. Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, Or where the rocking billows rose and sink On the chafed ocean side? There is a Power whose care Teaches thy way along the pathless coast, The desert and the (limitable air,

Lone wandering, but not lost, All day thy wines have faun'd. At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toll shall end; Seen shalt thou find a summer home and And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyes of heaven Hath swallow'ed up thy form; yet, on my Deeply hath sunk the lesson than has given, And shall not soon depart. He who, from zone to zone,

igh the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread alone, Il lead my steps aright.
WHLIAM CULLEN ERYANT.

I'se Gwine Back to Dixie. 700 2000000000000000

'se gwine back to Dixle, No more I'se gwine to wander, My heart's turned back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer. I miss de ele plantation. My home and my relation My heart's turned back to Dixle, And I must go.

Chorus. Tse gwine back to Dixle. I'se gwine back to Dixle, I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow For I hear the children calling. I see their sad tears falling.

My heart's turned back to Dixie. And I must go.

I've beed in fields of cotton, I've worked upon the river, I used to think if I got off, I'd go back there, no, never, But time has changed the old man, His head is bending low. And he must go.

'm trav'ling back to Dixie.
My step is slow and feeble,
pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all evil

And should my strength forsake me, Then, kind friends, come and take me, My leart's turned back to Dixle,

D 中央表示工艺的图像中央中 **Father Come Home.**

在中世纪在电影也的神中·04 · 0 · 0 FATHER, dear father, come home with me now.

The clock in the steeple strikes one. You promised, dear father, that you would come home, As soon as your day's work was done. fire has gone out, our house is all And mother's been watching since tea, With poor brother Benny, so sick in her

'And no one to help her but me. Come home, come home, come home, Father, dear father, come home.

Chorus.
To hear the sweet voice of the child, As the night winds repeat as they roam, Who could resist the most plaintive of prayers.

Father, dear father, come home. Father, dear father, come home with m The clock in the steeple strikes two,

night has grown colder and Benny ! And he has been calling for you. Indeed, he is worse, mether says he will

And that before morning shall dawn. And this was the message she sent me to bring. Come quickly, or he will be gone.

Come home, come home, come home, Father, dear father, come home. Father, dear father, come home with

now.
The clock in the steeple strikes three.
The house is so lonely, the hours are so For poor, weeping mother and me.

Yes, we are nione, poor Benny is dead And gone with the angels of light, And these were the very last words that ero were the very last words that he

"I want to kiss father good night." Come home, come home, come home, Father, dear father, come home.

Rosalie, the Prairie Flower. Committee bases

N the distant prairie, where the heath O or wild In its quiet beauty lived and smiled, Stunds a little cottage, and a creeping vin-Loves around its porch to twine: In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild; And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair Floating in the summer sir.

STATE OF THE STATE

Fair as a lily, joyous and free, Light of that prairie home was she. Every one who knew her felt the gentle

THOMAS Of Rosalie, the prairie flower. On that distant prairie, when the days were

long: Tripping like a falry, sweet her song; With the sunny blossoms and the birds at

piny. Beautiful and bright as they, When the twilight shadows guthered in the

And the voice of nature sank into rest, Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely

chlid. With her gentle eyes so mild, But the summer faded, and a chilly blast

O'er that happy cottage swept at last; When the autumn song birds woke the dewy Little prairie flower was gone! For the angels whispered softly in her ear:

"Child, thy Father calls thee; stay not here." And they gently bore her, robed in spotless

To their blissful home of light. Though we shall never look on her more,

Gone with the love and joy she bore. Far away she's blooming, in a fadeless Ewect Rosalie, the prairie flower.

—George F. Root,
Published in Boston, 1855.

Where Is My Boy To-Night.

W HERE is my wandering boy to-night. The boy of my tenderest care, The boy who was once my joy and

light. The child of my love and prayer? Chorus,

O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night? My heart o'erflows, for I love him he O where is my boy to-night? Once he was pure as morning dew.

As he knelt at his mother's knee; No face was so bright, no heart more tru And none was so sweet as he. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in olden time, When prattle and smile made home a joy

And life was a merry chime. Go seek for my wandering boy to-night, Go search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

My Poor Heart Is Sad With Its Dreaming.

MY poor neart is sad with its dreaming; It brings back the once happy day When earth like a heaven was seem-

But now it has all passed away. They say that young love's like the flower That needs tender care in its urn. But mine it was snatched from its bower. And I never gained one in return.

My poor heart is sad with its dreaming, For it brings back the once happy day When earth like a heaven was seeming. But now it has all passed away.

My sad heart recalls all the pleasure Of thoughts that were all, all for thee, When dreaming of you as its treasure, And you seemed to love none but me. Though we meet not as friends, yet I'll

never One unkind word to thee give; For your cherished memory ever Shall be my sole joy while I live. —T. Brigham Bishop.

The Beantiful Land of Nod.

OME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear, Your head like the golden-rod, And we will go sailing away from here To the beautiful Land of Nod. Away from life's hurry, and flurry and

worry, Away from earth's shadow and gloom, To a world of fair weather we'll float off together, Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands. Your hands like the leaf of a rose. And we will go sailing to those fair lands That never an atlas shows. On the north and the west they are bounded by rest.

On the south and the east by dreams; "Tis the country ideal, where nothing is But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear Those eyes like a bright bluebell,

And we will sail out under starlit skies, To the land where the fairies dwell. sweep. Till it reaches that mystical isle

And there we will pause awhile I will croon you a song as we float along To that shore that is blessed of God.

Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land, That beautiful Land of Nod.

-Eila Wheeler Wilcox. LONGING FOR PRAISE. HOW strangely men act. They will not praise those who are living at the same time, and living with themselves; but to whom they have never seen, nor ever will see, this they set much value on. This is very much the same as if they shouldst be grieved because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee. If a thing is difficult to be accomplished

by thyself, do not think that it is impossible for man. But if anything is possible for man, and comformable to his nature, think that this can be attained by thyself too.-Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. ARNOLD'S TREASON.

THERE is no more tragic story in our his-tory than the treason of Benedict Arneld. No wonder that Washington exclaimed when he heard it, "Whom can we trust now?" The discovery of the plot spread consterns tion everywhere among the American of ficers, and it is very interesting to read the comments made upon it by contemporaries. Here is an entry from the journal of Colonel Israel Angel of Rhode Island, a brave soldier and stanch patriot: "September, 26th, 1789, the most Extraord-

inary affair happened yesterday that Ever has taken place Since the war, General Benedict Arnold, who Commanded at west point, went to the enemy, His Excellency the Commander in Chief having been to Hartford to meet the French Gen'l and Adniral, was on his way to join the army and yesterday the Adf't General of the British Army was taken at Tarry Town as a Spyc by three Militia men the news Soon reached west point, and on the Appearance of His Excellency Comming to the post Gen'l Arold went down to the River Side with six men with him, got into a boat, went down the river to the English Friggat that Lay there and went on board of her, and She Imeadetly Set Sail for New York, and by the best information he had ben Carrying on a treacherous Corrispondence with the Ene-my, and had agreed to Sell them that post with all the men, but Heavens directed i the whole Army was ordered to be ready to march as Soon as possible, we all turned out went to Cooking and packing up their Baggage the pennsylvania line marched of and left their Baggage to follow it being Expected that the Enemy would attempt to take west point this night the News Come a little after midnight, had not this horrid Treason ben discovered America would have Rec'd a deadly wound if not a

THE LONG SENTENCE.

fatal Stabb."

Mark Twain in "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." THE last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight, and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched-roofed farmhouses, with apprenants in the garret for the family and a cunning little porch under the deep ga-ble, decorated with boxes of bright-colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the miles cattle apartment by a partition, and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort

of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel

all day in one sentence without changing

To the Editor of The Republic, Will you please give a brief sketch of the life of Arthor Henry Hallam, for whom

Arthur Henry Hallam, son of Henry Hal-Arthur Henry Hallam, son of Henry Hallam, the historian, was born at London February 1, 1811. He was educated at Eton school and Trinity College, Cambridge, after which he entered the office of a conveyancer in London. He was an essayist of some note. When on a tour with his father he died in Vienna Sentember 15, 1823. His some note. When on a tour with his rather he died in Vienna, September 15, 1822. His prose and verse were printed by his father for private circulation in 1834, and reprinted for publication in 1863. He formed an intimacy with Tennyson, to whose sister is was betrothed. After his death Tennyst ommemorated their great friendship by the famous "In Memorism."

Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam"?
M. H. G.

Guardines America

-Selections From the #+++++++++

T. T. Taylor, Noble, III.: "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," by James Whitcomb Riley, was published in The Republic a few menths age.

To the Editor of The Republic. "Cleopatra's Sollloquy" was written by Mary Bayard Clarke, and not by the on named in your magazine of last Sunday. have the poem, but it is too long for pub lication, I am sure. The writer is a Se ern lady, and is entitled to the credit of the beautiful poem. I quote a few lines for the penefit of your correspondent: O. when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upor

my face, As a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thy em Melting, melting, melting, as a woman enty can, When she's a willing captive in the conquering arms of man.
A. K. PRATT, Keckuk, Ia.

Marguerite, Kirksville-Your groom-elect be wrong in thinking that he can have an "evening wedding" in proper form and not dress in the usual evening dress. Of course, he may be married in the evening without the usual accessories to a full-dress occa-sion, but an "evening wedding" requires the conventional dress.

Bessie Stanfill, Parsons, Kas-"Backward, Turn Backword, O Time, in Your Flight," for which you ask, was published In these columns two or three months ago Frank Williams, St. Louis-Bryant's "Thanatopsis was published in these culumns some time ago.

WEBSTER'S ONLY POEM.

IT is said that in his whole literary life Daniel Webster wrote but one paem, and that was upon the death of his infant son. This child was born in Boston De-cember 31, 1822, and died in December, 1824. The poem bears the title:

LINES ON CHARLES'S DEATH. My son, thou wast my heart's delight; Thy morn of life was gay and cheery; That morn has rushed to sudden night, Thy father's house is sad and dreaty.

I held thee on my knee, my son, And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping; But, ah! thy little life is done;

Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping. The staff on which my years should lean Is broken ere those years came o'er me; My funeral rites thou should'st have seen But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou raisest to me no filial stone. No parent's grave with tears beholdest, Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast, Thy generation after mine: Thou hast thy predecessor's past-Earlier eternity is thine. should have set before thine eyes

The road to heaven, and showed it clear; But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies. And leave'st thy teacher learning here. Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee, And hasten to partake thy bliss;

And, ah, to thy world welcome m As erst I welcomed thee to this! Thy father, I beheld thee born, And led thy tottering steps with care;

Refore me risen to heaven's bright morn. My son, my father, guide me there.

NIETZSCHE, THE PESSIMIST. From the Youth's Companion.

A FEW weeks ago there died in German a poet and philosopher whose great intellectual gifts and extensive learning gave him a place in his own country but little lower than that of Hegel, and entitle him to rank with the intellectual giants of the world. The man was Frederick Nietzsche. It to possible that his philosophy, and perhaps even bis name, are unknown to more than a few of the readers of the Companion. If so, the readers as a whole are the richer, for the doctrine Nietzsche taught was not merely pessimism, but worse than pessimism. It was the negation of Christianity, the uselessness of brotherly love, of charlty, in fact, of all those virtues on which

our civilization rests. To him the world was composed of but two classes, masters and slaves; the one of right noble, free, handsome, ruthless; the other stunted, feeble, cringing and helpless, That the one class owned anything to the other, that the strong should help the weak or the rich the poor, seemed to him absurd;

a sign of weakness worthy only of de-nunciation and scorn. It is not remarkable that the apostle of so hideous a doctrine should have made few converts. The history of mankind is all against him, and the first man who gives a cup of water to a thirsty stranger and feels happier for making the gift thereby re-

futes his whole argument.

But it seems almost as if the God whom Nietzsche denied and the spirit of love which he denounced so ordered his death that it should be a direct and impressive answer to the teachings of his life; for at answer to the teachings of his life, or at the last the powerful brain falled, and when insanity had settled upon this poor phil-osopher of pessimism, and he could no lorger write or teach, it was one of those very charliable fratitutions which he had decided that received him, and within its friendly walls the end came in peace and

bedily comfort.

The London Spectator charitably and fittingly says: "What revelations God's minister of death has in keeping for such an unhappy soul!"

OLD-FASHIONED CANCER CURE.

J. A. Wayland in Appeal to Reason.

TAKE the common "sheep sorrel" which grows in your yard, and which children eat because of its sourness; mash it up into a pulp in some vessel that will save all the juice that would otherwise be lost; then put it into a bug and squeeze out all the juice it into a bag and squeeze out all the juice onto a pewter plate—to get some of the acid from the metal; then put this out in the sun and let it dry until about as thick as tar; then put in tight bottle; if the skin is not broken, put a drop of chloride of potash or lye on it to break the skin and then apply the "sorrel" on the cancer, just covering it with a thin coat. If the "sor-rel" gets too thick a little water will make rel" gets too thick a little water will make so that it can be handled.

The pain will be severe, but it is other-wise harmless. It will stop hurting in a few hours. Keep up these applications, one every day, until the cancer can be lifted out without pain. It took four days in my case. The sorrel will cook the cancer, but it does not eat it as it does the flesh, hence it eats all the flesh away and lets the cancer loose. When you see the cancer put the sorrel on it and not on the desh. When the cancer is out heal the sore with any kind of healing ointment.

FOR MISSIONS.

up in the elevator at the State Depart-ment, with many applicants for minister-ships and consulships. "Weil," said he to a friend, "this is the largest collection for foreign missions that has been taken up for a long time."

OCTORER turned my maple's leaves to

The most are gone now; here and there one lingers; Soon will these slip from out the twig's weak hold. Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

-T. B. Aldrich, Sorrow and searlet leaf, Said thoughts and sunny weather;
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together!
—T. W. Parsons.

Of all the thoughts of God that are Horne inward unto souls afar, Along the Psatmist's music deep, New tell me if that any is,

For gift of grace surpassing this,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

E. B. Browning. One may smile, and smile, and be a vil-

I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself .- Samuel Johnson.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us

Speak not at all, in any wise, until you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.-Carlyle. Many a night I saw the Pleiads, risin'

thro' the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fire-files tangled in

a silver braid. -Tennyson. A story, in which native humor reigns, often useful, always entertains: A graver fact, enlisted on your side, May furnish illustration, well applied; But sedentary weavers of long tales Give me the fidgets, and my patience falls.

For her own breakfast she'll project Nor take her ten without a stratagem.

Strange to the world, he were a bashful The fichis his study, nature was his book, -Bloomfield, "The Farmer's Boy." Against stupidity the very gods

Themselves contend in vain. -Schiller. 'Tis not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more, Sempronius-We'll deserve it.

-Addison, "Cato." For there are deeds Which have no form, sufferings which have

no tongue. -Shelley, "The Cenci." There is no refuge from confession but enicide; and suicide is confession.—Daniel Webster, Argument on the murder of Captain White.

Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose, Sir Knight, that I am one of these, I might suspect, and take th' alarm, Your business is but to inform; But if it be, 'tis ne'r the near, You have a wrong sow by the ear. -Butier, "Hudibras,"

The secrets of life are not shown excepo sympathy and likeness.-Emerson. But far more numerous was the herd of There were dames with their 'kerchiefs such. Who think too little, and who talk too

All kin' o' smily round the lips An' teary roun' the lashes.
-Lowell, "The Biglow Papers." Tears are the silent language of grief .-

much.

Why comes temptation but for man to And master and make crouch beneath his And so be pedestated in triumph?

-Robert Browning.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter; Stolen kisses much completer; Stolen looks are nice in chapels; Stolen, stolen be your apples. Thomas Randolph.

of reaching.-La Bruyere. Reauty is truth, Truth beauty-that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to

We dread old age, which we are not sur-

A silly laugh is the sillest thing I know .-

Calumniate enough, and something calumny will stick -Balzac. Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at

beggar.
And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image A dog's obeyed to office. Old care has a mortgage on ever estate,

And that's what you pay for the wealth that you get. The man who seeks one thing in life, and May hope to achieve it before life is done. But he who seeks all things, wherever he

Only reaps from the hopes which around A harvest of barren regrets. -Lord Lytton.

GOLDSMITH'S TOMB. SUBSCRIPTION has been opened for the erection of a canopy over the tomi-stone of Goldsmith's grave in the Temple, writes W. L. Alden from London to the New York Times. Why should the tomb-stone need a canopy? There is good reason stone need a canopy? There is good reason to think that it does not cover the remains of the pdet, and it is not a particularly beautiful tombstone. At any rate, before a canopy is placed over it, there ought to be, if possible, a definite conclusion arrived at as to whether the grave of Goldsmith is where the tombstone ways that it where the tombstone says that it is, or whether it is somewhere else. Of course people are subscribing to the

Of course people are subscribing to the proposed canopy and expressing nice and appropriate sentiments in regard to Goldsmith. I wonder how many of them have read "The Vicar of Wakefield," and if so, how many of them, in their secret heart, regard it as interesting? I have tried sev-eral times to read the "Vicar," but have uniformly failed. I always thought that uniformly failed. I always thought that this was wholly my fault, and that my in-ability to see the humor of the gross of spectacles or to weep over the stagy pa-thos of the Vicar was simply disgraceful But when I found that Mark Twain had But when I found that Mark Twain had precisely the same feeling as to "The Vicar of Wakefield," I began to think that after all I might not be an utter castaway, because I thought the spectacle business sad rather than funny, and the Vicar himself a subject for laughter rather than tears. I have since asked several friends to tell me under the seal of secrecy, if they found it nossible to enjoy "The Vicar of Wakefield," and they have, with, I think, one exception, assured me that they found the book extremely tiresome. But it is, and probably always will be, the fashion to speak of "The Vicar of Wakefield" with the utmost admiration, and men will subthe utmost admiration, and men will sub-scribe for Goldsmith's canopy who in real-ity do not care to read a line that he

NOT SO FORTUNATE.

TENNYSON'S well-known aversion to sightseers and their ways gave rise to many an odd experience. Once, it is said, he complained to the Queen, saying that he could no longer stay in the Isle of Wight, owing to the tourists who came to stare at him. The Queen, with a kindly irony, said that

she herself did not suffer much from that grievance; but Tennyson, taking her liter-ally, replied in the same strain. "No. madam," said he. "and if I could clap a sentinel wherever I liked, I should not be troubled, either."

Answers Received.

The Republic wishes to thank the following persons for responses to requests for poems: Mrs. Lucretia J. M. Donaldson. Page boulevard, St. Louis, "Liewellyn and His Dog"; Miss F. M. Church, St. Louis, "If You Love Me, Tell Me With Your Eyes"; E. K. McNeilly, "A Free Seat". T. E. McKeown, Dichistadt, Mo., "Sing to Me of Heaven"; Miss Eliza Todd, New Louisville, Ark., "Tse GWine Back to Dixie" and "Father, Come Home"; Mrs. W. H. Otwell, Plainview, Ill., "Christmas in the Colonies," "Rosalie," "The Prairie Flower," "Sing to Me of Heaven," "Kingdom Coming," "Where Is My Boy To-Night?" "Come Home, Father," "The Rainbow"; M. Price, St. Louis, "My Lambs"; a rich in five rich that of want to this city, and it was boow"; M. Price, St. Louis, "My Lambs"; a rich in five rich that of the balding of the Levee, so that the river front should offer every possible adventume for commerce. He was love the address of well-historie visit to this city, and it was boow"; M. Price, St. Louis, "My Lambs"; a rich in five rich the five rich the first of the historie of what was once knewn as Louisiana. Arrong the men to whom this city is the city with much real. He urged upon the city comen to balding of the Levee, so that the river front should offer every possible adventume for commerce. He was love the balding of the Levee, so that the river front should offer every possible adventume for commerce. He was love the balding of the Levee, so that the river front should offer every possible adventume of the was clove the city comen to whom this city is the city comen to be a city with much real. He urged upon the city comen to be a city with much real. He urged upon the city comen to be a city with much real. He urged upon the city comen to be a city with much real. He urged upon the city comen to be balding of the Levee, so that the river front should offer every possible adventume of the baldin The Republic wishes to thank the follow-The influence of many personalities has dom Coming," "Where Is My Boy To-Night?" "Come Home, Father," "The Rain-bow"; M. Price, St. Louis, "My Lambs"; Mrs. I. N. Miller, St. Louis, "Rostille, the Prairie Flower"; M. E. H. Alton, Ili-"The Prairie Flower"; S. A. Jordan, St. Louis, "Father, Come Home"; Mrs. G. eriods in her history, and constucted the Suites of that Perritory with success when "The Prairie Flower"; S. A. Jordan, St. Louis, "Father, Come Home"; Mrs. G. W. Cline, Grayville, Ill., "Sing to Me of Heaven," "Down on the Farm," "The Year of Jubilee," "The Wind in a Frolic"; Quercus, Blue Mound, Ill., several poems; Miss Ellen T. Dimmons, Fayetteville, Ark., "Filtying Away"; Mrs. R. V. Bogy, Willow Point, Tex., "Sing to Me of Heaven"; Captain Juseph Boyce, St. Louis, "Nelly Was a Lady"; A. H. Norman, Fayetteville, Ark., "The Prairie Flower"; Charles H. Duffer, St. Louis, poem on the toast to "My Mother"; E. H. M. Waterloo, Ill., "An Ancient Toast," "Maximus," "What I Live For."

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

Toast," "Maximus," "What I Live For,"
"A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question,"
"If You Love Me, Tell Me With Your

THE Wind one morning sprang up from sleep. Saying, "Now for a frolic, now for a leap! Now for a madeap, galloping chase! I'll make a commotion in every place."

So it swept with a bustle right through a Breaking the signs, and scattering down Shutters; and whisking, with merciles great town. whisking, with merciles

equalls. Old Women's bonnets and gingersread stalls; There never was heard a much lustler As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the field it went blustering And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming; But, offended with such an unusual salute, They all turned their backs and stood sulky

So on it went capering and playing its pranks. Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray. Or the traveler grave on the King's high-

way. It was not too nice to rustle the bags Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags; Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's

cloak. Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now. You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!" And it made them bow without more add, And cracked their branches right through

and through. Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm. Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm, So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.

tled over their caps. To see if their poultry were free from mishaps: The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified

crowd. There was rearing of ladders, and logs lay-Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had pressed forward, and mat in a lane, With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain; For it tossed him and twirled him, then With his foot in the pool and his shoe in

the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday And new it was far on the billowy sea. And the lordly ships felt its staggerin blow.

And the little boats darted to and fro;
But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest

On the sea bird's rock in the gleaming west. Laughing to think, in its fearful fun, How little of mischief it had done!

-William Howitt. INTERESTING

ANNOUNCEMENT From the Youth's Companion. AN eccentric clergyman in Cornwall was much annoyed by the habit which some members of his congregation had of looking round to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the read-

ing desk one day:
"Brethren, I regret to see that your atten tion is called away from your religious du-ties by your yety natural desire to see who come in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each

person who comes in late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved." but paused half way to interpolate, with his wife and daughter." Mr. S. looked greatly surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C. and

The abashed congregation kept their eye fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the paster in-terrupting himself now and then to ensounce some late comer. At last he said,

till with the same perfect gravity:
"Mrs. S., in a new bonnet." In a moment every feminine head in

congregation was turned

CAINE AND CORELLI. MR. HALL CAINE admits that he did to port unfavorably upon Miss Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" when it was offered in manuscript to a certain London publisher. An interesting interview with him in Greeva Castle is published in the London Daily Mail.
"Is it true," I asked, "that in the days
when you were a publisher's render, you
reported unfavorably on the manuscript of

Miss Corell's novel?" "Yes," was the laconic reply.
"That would be perhaps fifteen or twenty years ago

'Is it true that you said such an absurd

thing about your personal likeness Shakespeare and Christ?"

"Miss Corelli has spoken with her cu tomary freedom about you; have you not ing to say about her?" "Is it a fact that she has written then things about you before?"

"And you never contradicted them?"
"I never contradict anything if I elp it." HAMMERED A TORPEDO.

VOLUNTEER Sergeant who return from Manila a few days ago was asked by a friend whether he saw any of the work of pneumatic guns and aerial torpedoes while there and said:

while there and said:
"I saw just one shot fired and the effect was great. The long missile flew through the air and fell right in the enemy's trenches. We waited five or ten minutes for the explosion and then the air seemed to be filled with dirt and rocks and chunks of Flippinos. We rushed to the trenches the and learned from one of the wounded prisoners that they all wondered what the strange thing was and thought that it cars that they all wondered what it extrange thing was and thought that it cars the formula of the Black Hawk War. In 1872, General Atkinson appointed Doctor Lane Surgeon for the troops under his command, and he served throughout the campaign.

Twenty years later, in 1872, President Fillmore appointed Doctor William Carr Lane Governor of New Mexico.

As Governor Cathoun, his predecessor, had but recently died it was necessary that Doctor Lane go to his post of duty immeditation.

oners that they all wondered what the strange thing was and thought that it earlied some kind of a comforting message from Boston sympathizers, so they tried to open it with a hammer.

"With the aid of a curious enemy I think aerial torpedoes will be a great success.

"The long brass case contained twelve nounds of explosive gelatine."

Industrict the processing died it was necessary that the control of the post of duty immediately. The Territorial Government was in the hands of the military authorities, and much confusion prevailed. His friends and his family were much dissatisfied with his appointment, on account of his age and the prospective difficulties of the task which he had taken upon himself.

William Carr Lane, First Mayor of St. Louis, and One of Its 3

Earliest Physicians. 36

When he came of age he entered Dicken-

son College and took a two years' course. It was in the autumn of 1911 that he began

his medical studies under Dector Collins of Louisville, Ky. His father had died and

his mother and her family had removed to

In 1813 the country was at war with Eng-

west Territory. A call was made for re-cruits from Kentucky and Kentucky re-

ended. William Carr Lane, enthusiasti

and patriotic, joined a brigade under Colonel Runnel of the United States Infantry.

These troops went to Fort Harrison on th Wabash, about sixty miles north of Vin-cennes. Fort Harrison was then under the

command of Major Zachary Taylor, after-wards President of the United States. The soldiers met a formidable enemy in the

fever which attacked them in camp. Medi-

cal skill was at a premium, so large was the number of the sick. Young Lane soon

demonstrated his ability, and very soon after his battle with disease was appointed Surgeon's Mate at Fort Harrison. He stuck to his post until he fell a victim to the fever and was unfitted for duty. He obtained a furlough, went to Lexington, Ky.

where he obtained a number of medical books, and returned to his post of duty, de-

termined to equip himself for more use

At the close of active hostilities Doctor

Lane resigned from the army and went to Vincennes to reside. Refusing the offer of a partnership with a well-established phy-

sician there, and feeling anxious to become an adept in the healing art, he went to the University of Pennsylvania for one winter.

While pursuing his studies he received from Prestient Mudison the appointment of Cur-geon's Mate in the regular army of the

United States, and on April 24, 1816, that of

orious milliary posts on the Upper Mis-

Becoming tired of army life on a peace

nds and entered into the bonds of matri-

He resigned from the army not long after

is marriage and settled in St. Louis, where

he was well known. In 1821 he was appoint-ed ald-de-camp to Governor Alexander Mc-Nair, with the rank of Colonel, a position

which he held for a year. He was then made Quartermaster General of the State, and held this office until April 5, 1823, when

he was elected Mayer of St. Louis.

The salary of this position was small and its duties were laborious. Doctor Lane's

of Aldermen he considered all the dutlet develving upon the municipal government.

own of the rame magnitude in the Union.

s school is more needed here than in any

es of our city is morally certain; the

very face of the earth, and are as per-

mere purpose of culogy, but that a suit-

de system of improvements may always kept in view, that the rising of the infant

ty may carrespond with the expectations such a mighty futurity." The city government was fully organized

the election of Archibald Gamble Presi-

dent of the Board of Aldermen; Mackay Wherry, Register, and Sullivan Blood, Con-

table. On April 14, 1822, the municipal government of St. Louis was in running order and her career of development begun.

Doctor Lane was elected nine times Mayor

f the city of St. Louis; eight regular terms and once to fill a vacancy of a few months,

I John F. Darby resigned the office. In 1826 Doctor Lane was elected to the House of Representatives of this State. He

a Jackson man and a Democrat, and

ch was his popularity with the party that

ip, and it is said he could have been elected

at that time over Colonel Thomas H. Ben-ton, who was re-elected for his second term at that ression of the Legislature. Doctor

Lone positively declined the position.

In the winter of 187-8 Doctor Lane announced himself as Democratic candidate for Congress the whole State being entitled

to but one member) in opposition to Edward Plates, then Whig member from Missouri.

Of this candidacy for the nomination the

following unique story is told: It seems that Spencer Pettls, who was afterwards killed in a duel with Major Thomas Biddle, had also announced himself as a candidate

on the Democratic ticket. The candidacy of two Democrats not being desirable, as sure to elect the Whig candidate, it was de-cided to refer the matter to Thomas H.

Benton as the friend of Doctor William Carr Lane and John M. Bass, the friend of

Spencer Pettis. At the meeting of the ref-erect it was arranged that Spencer Pettis should be the candidate, and he was elected

should be the candidate, and he was elected against Edward Bates.

Becoming displeased with Jackson's polit-ical course, Dector Lane attached himself to the Whig party, with which party he continued to act for the balance of his life.

Candidates Submitting

to Referees.

About the schools he said:

When Doctor Lane

Settled in St. Louis.

stestppi.

Post Surgeon, which he held until his resig-nation from the army in 1819. After finish-

enstrated his ability, and very soon

Medical Knowledge

Used in War Time.

With his usual decision of character, however, he refused to look back, having once ever, he refused to look back, having once put his hand to the plow. He left St, Louis July 31, 1852, and was inaugurated Governor of the Territory of New Mexico on August 13 following.

The Incident of the Flag.

The difficulties of his position were many, He had expected aid and support from the military authorities, but Colonel Sumner, in command of the military forces, retired in command of the military forces, retired to Abuquerque, taking with him all the troops with the exception of a small guard, two days before the Governor's mangaration. Colonel Sumier also reproved Calonel Brooks for firing a satute in the plaza when the ceremony of installing the Governor was performed. He "wished it to be enough the colonel and the civil government of New Mexico was not to depend in any way upon the military authority," and that Colonel Brooks should consider his forces only as a guard for the

lty," and that Colonel Brooks should con-sider his forces only as a guard for the United States military stores. As the civil government was in a meas-ure without military force to sustain its power, without money, and almost in a state of anarchy, and as Colonel Sumner state of anarchy, and as cooner summer had declared to the department at Wash-ington that no civil government could be naintained in New Mexico, this present action could be taken as almost insulting his eldest brother, who was then prothon-otary of Fayetta County. Here he ac-quired some knowledge of the forms of

action could be taken to the Governor.

Summer ordered that the flag, the only summer ordered that the flag, the only emblem of government there, should be removed from the plaza. When Governor Lane courteously applied for it, Summer replied that he "was not authorized by the Government to furnish him with Government to furnish him with Government." ment stores."

This led to a spicy correspondence, which came near resulting in a duel. In the mili-tary occupation a large number of prison-ers were fed from the Government supplies, and when these were withdrawn by order of Colonel Sumner, the prisoners would have been left to starve had not the Governor advanced the money for their provisions out of his own pocket. This is only an example of the embarrass-

This is only an example of the embarrassement which came to Governor Lane. Yet, with his characteristic energy and executive ability, he soon reduced these chaotic conditions to order. Influential citizens raises the conditions to order. lied to his support, and even Colonel Sum-ner became his friend and restored the flag to its place in the plaza. It was a triumph to William Carr Lane. At the close of his term as Governor, Doctor Lane returned to his home in St. Louis, where he died in 1963.

Requests for Poems.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please publish among your fa-mous poems the poem entitled "The Battle of the Colors"? T. T. TAYLOR. Noble, Ill. To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please print in your column of famous poems the song, "In the Shadows of the Pine"? It begins thus: wandered in the shadows of the pine, my love and I. As the breese was blowing freshly from the Nanma, Tex. ANNIE WHITEHOOD.

ting its ocurse, at the university he went to Vincennes and joined Morgan's Rifle Regiment and left for St. Louis, where the cantonment of Bellefontaine was established as military headquarters. In the next eighteen months he was on duty at To the Editor of The Republic. Will you please publish the old poem, "Archie Dean," and oblige one of your renders? Amarilla, Tex.

To the Editor of The Republic, Will you please publish in the columns of The Sunday Republic Magazine the comic seng known as "Billy Barlow"? Gordon, Tex. To the Editor of The Republic.

Becoming lifed of army life on a processablishment, he tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, but a furlough was granted. John F. Darby, in his sketch of Doctor Lane, says that, instead of joining the army of Bolivar, the dictator of South America, as he had contemplated, he gave up the perils and adventures of foreign lands and entered into the bonds of matri-Will you kindly publish in the magazine supplement next Sunday the poem part of which is: "We are living, we are moving in a grand and awful time."
St Louis. TWO BRYAN ROOTERS. mony with Mary Ewing, daughter of Na-thantel Ewing of Vincennes, February 28,

To the Editor of The Republic, I would ask you to publish Poe's hymn, beginning "At morn, at noon, at twilight And also the two stanzas from Byron's

"Den Juan," beginning thus: "Ave Maria blessed be the hour," from end of third canto. J. GOTHENSTEINER

Fredericktown, Mo. To the Editor of The Republic. Will you kindly publish the poem entitled "Loneliness," by William Cullen Bryant? I am not sure of the title, as I have read only a Spanish translation of it and would like to have it in English. J. M. M.

San Antonio, Tex. ministration of the affairs of the young city was marked by great foresight, energy and judgment. In his message to the Board To the Editor of The Republic. I would be pleased very much to see the following poem and songs in print: "Lipe that touch liquor shall never touch mine." "Nobody's Child." "I will hazard the broad assertion that a

MISS BLANCHE LOCKE Elwood, Tex. To the Editor of The Republic. Will you please publish the song of which

the following is the chorus, as near as I

mile, when speaking of the accessity of improvements to be made in the city, he is this prophetic language. The forces of the inhabitants of this city may tente, you and I may sink into oblivion our families become extinct, but the "My home, my home, my sunny Southern home.
Oh mother, I've come back to die in my sunny Southern home." I heard this song seventeen years age and have never been able to learn of it since. O. P. COCHRAN. ment as the foundations of the soil and sources of the Mississippi. These mat-s are not brought to your recollection for

Fort Scott, Kas. To the Editor of The Republic. Please publish the poem, "Millions of hands want acres, and millions of acres want hands." FRANK WILLIAMS.

St. Louis. To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please publish "Old Rosin the Bow," a piece called "Since Times Are So Hard," and "Johnny Land"?

H.

Fayette, Mo. GENERAL KING'S DAUGHTER. From the Army and Navy Journal.

From the Army and Navy Journal.

CAROLYN KING, daughter of General Charles King, U. S. V., who has been studying for some years abroad, finished her course at the Sorbonne, the celebrated university in Paris, early in June, and then entered for competition in the Alliance Francaise, which meets every summer and confers its diploma on such foreigners as can pass its very rigid examinations, after attending fifty lectures and "cours" and subtending fifty lectures and "cours" and sub-mitting ersays on several of the standard authors and dramatists, Miss King's essay on Cornellie was unanimously given the first place by the judges, while the profes-sors complimented her highly on her accent and the purity of her French, as well as her thorough knowledge of the tongue. The diploma bears the signature of the most famous teachers of the day and the record that its recipient stood first in her class, which embraced teachers, pedagogues and some professors, forty-five persons in all, including five Russians, sent there by their government—and one little American maid "scooped" them all! Yet was she so lacking in confidence that she would not go to hear the result announced, but hid in the gardens of the Lumexbourg and sent a girl friend to see if she had possibly scraped through, and that girl came back on the run, wild with joy, crying: "You are firstly you are ahead!" Carolyn King, or "Carol," as she is familiarly called, is the elder of General King's two daughters. She was born in the shadow of the flag, away out in the Rockies, the day after the Fifth Cavalry, of which her father was Adjutant, started on the chase for Chief Joseph and his Nez Perces. She was named for the wife of Colonel, now Major General, Merritt, and she can play tennis, ride a wheel or climb the Dolomites as well as she can speak French and Italian. diploma bears the signature of the most famous teachers of the day and the record

"DISINTELLECTUALIZATION." From Notes and Queries. DOCTOR MURRAY has recently called at-

DOCTOR MURRAY has recently called attention to two words of twenty-two letters each, and respectively of eleven and seven syllables, the first used jocosely and the other used in all seriousness. The word named above, of the same class as the latter of these, not only matches it in number of letters, but contains nine syllables. It occurs in Jeremy Bentham's "Abridged Petition for Justice," (1829), page 18.